

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME IX.

RHINELANDER, ONEIDA CO., WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, April 30, 1891.

NUMBER 13

## Real Estate Loan and Insurance EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each.

Also many of the Finest Business Sites.

Time given purchasers who intend buying.

Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. Ry Co. Brown Brothers, S. 11, Albany and others.

### • • LOANS • •

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

### INSURANCE

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

### ABSTRACT

The only Abstracts of Oneida Lands. Two Complete Sets

Office on Davenport street.

PAUL BROWNE.

O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FIRE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W  
ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER. WISCONSIN.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.

Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.  
Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block. Rhinelander, Wisconsin

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS.

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhinelander Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.  
For \$6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

J. M. DODD, Resident Surgeon.



### MILLS BEGIN SAWING.

Several of The Local Mills Start This Week.

### THE SEASON'S CUT PROMISES BIG.

AND THE MILLS START OFF WELL WITH INDICATIONS OF A BIG

SEASIDE WORK. "You've got my truck on," he cried.

"And you," said the strange object whatever you are, I think you are wearing my hat and duster."

"Don't touch me," gasped Miss Merton; "I'm a lady. I put these on because I had nothing else—I must

have got into another person's room.

My trunk has the same initials, and it's a very peculiar trunk—oh, dear, dear!"

"I, medium," replied the being attired in her garments—"I am a *gentlewoman*. We have evidently exchanged rooms in the tunnel occasioned by last night's alarm. I will shortly send you my *secrets*." And he vanished.

Our readers know that he was Mr. Marrowbone. He had recognized Miss Merton.

In ten minutes more the suspicious

housemaid delivered a parcel to the lady, "From No. 6, left corridor," and conveyed another to its destination; and Miss Merton and Mr. Marrowbone became themselves again.

They met at the *table d'hôte*. He bowed the blushing, but afterward acknowledged the salutation.

There are always people to be found to introduce those who wish to know each other, and the marriage notices of popular society journals shortly contained an account of the wedding of Mr. Milton Marrowbone and Miss Lucia Merton, daughter of Mortimer Merton, of Sheepshank farm.

Their peculiar trunks now travel together, and the keys jingle lovingly upon one ring.—M. Carly, in N. Y. Ledger.

### INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

Customs of People Which Are Term'd Recreational.

It is easy to sneer at people's eccentricities. We may smile at the man who persists in wearing a queer style of hat, or at the woman who elongs to old fashion in hair dressing. But is it fitting to a custom both agreeable and comfortable do they not show some dependence of mind, a decision that goes to leaven the lump of general idleness?

Once a lady whose ways were weakly obliged always to carry a sunshade to protect them from the glare of the sun. Even in winter, and when she wore furs, the sunshade was a necessity.

She declared, laughingly, that one would believe, unless she tried how much attention such a simple matter evoked. Sometimes she was followed by a block of two by boys contending on her odd appearance.

Underer if she was crazy, and while they wondered seemed to think she was so deaf. Older people, whom one could think might know better, gazed her curiously, and even questioned her as to the reason of her peculiar conduct.

Most persons under such persecution could have given up the fight, staid in a house, or decided to bear the pain and run the danger. Being a woman of resolute temper, she did nothing of a kind. She carried her muss and her rascals all winter. Indeed, after while she seemed to take a wicked pleasure in flaunting these articles before the faces of bewildered passers-by, would often turn and look back with an expectation of seeing strange developments from so great a phenomenon.

Probably not many women would be struck to the singularity as she did, have gotten so much amusement out of it. Yet if it is considered in another light, and we reflect how much interest is excited and how many gazers she has put with subject for conversation, might not her a public benefactor?

It is the name of Oneida county is not improving any for convicting criminals.

The McGraith case terminated as all expected who heard the testimony.

The only lesson which this case has taught is the old one about how much

dependence can be placed in the testimony of pimps and plod egies.

At the preliminary examination the testimony of Golden and others was positive as to the assault and all its particulars.

In the circuit court trial it was just the opposite. The only conviction secured at this term was that of inoffensive, half-witted John Roberts.

Truly the name of Oneida county is

not improving any for convicting

criminals.

Pat Brennan has been laid up with

the grippe for several days. In other

words, omitted on account of the bad

case of rattle which has afflicted the

indicator lately, our genial and effi-

cient county clerk is absent from his

post of duty this week, tussling with

the plasmatic grippe, but Pat never

gives up and the indicator will beg

he comes out ahead and that we will again

have the pleasure of grasping his hand

on our beautiful streets, or in the ex-

cellent, substantial and elegantly fitted

up First National Bank."

The Fisk Jubilee company, under the

auspices of the Congregational Ladies

Aid Society, will give one of their best

entertainments at the Rhinelander

Opera House next Wednesday evening

May 6th. The company is coming in

full force and strength numbering ten

voices, comprising both Male and

Female quartettes. Tickets for sale

at the usual place, prices 25, 35 and 50

cents.

Davis & Behr are picking up their

goods in the branch store here and will

move them back to town.

Rhinelander still has merchants enough for

all the business there is here, and to all

who think that there is a fortune in

putting in a small "branch" of some

other town, in this place, we would

say that appearances are deceitful, the

resident merchants will do the business.

Daniel Henry, an aged laboring man

dropped dead of heart failure while at

his work with the Soo section crew last

Friday. The remains were brought to

Gothia & Behrens' undertaking rooms

from whence they were buried by the

town authorities, no word having been

received from his relatives.

### Rhinelander Illustrated.

The publishers of the New North are now soliciting orders for a large addition of an illustrated book on Rhinelander. The work will be one of the handsomest, as regards illustrations, of any ever issued. The cuts will all be made by the photo-gravure process and will be printed on excellent paper. The text matter will be simply a statement of Rhinelander's possessions at present, its resources and its needs. The aim will be to make a work which will be preserved by all for its artistic excellence and at the same time will attract attention to Rhinelander in a manner that will be of benefit to the place.

Among the long list of laws enacted by the last legislature is one taxing boom and log companies two per cent. of their gross earnings. The bill was introduced by request of some one who doubtless had an idea that he was striking a death blow to some soulless corporations. The real effect of the bill will not be to the detriment of a single boom company in the state of Wisconsin. It will simply increase the price of boomage and therefore indirectly raise the price of lumber. The state will receive a few thousand dollars from this two per cent. Source of revenue, and the man who buys a thousand feet of lumber will necessarily pay more per thousand for it. If a boom company is handling fifty million of logs at a fifty cent. boomage rate, the state will receive from this company five hundred dollars. It is not to be supposed that boom companies will not charge sufficient more boomage to make good that amount. Another reason of democratic legislation and every company doing business in the lumber regions will probably have to pay a per centage of their earnings into the state treasury.

A large audience assembled last night to witness Newton Beers' spectacular production of that beautiful drama, "Lost in London." The company is excellent and the members sustain their different characters in a most satisfactory manner. Special mention

can be made of Newton Beers in his masterly impersonation of Job Armroyd, the Swart King. He is a careful and painstaking actor and deserving of his artistic success. Miss Marie Wellesley, who assumed the character of Nellie Armroyd, is all that can be asked for. The scenery is magnificent and taken in all it is a good entertainment and will draw well.—St. Paul Pioneer Press, April 21-91.

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dependence can be placed in the testimony of pimps and plod egies. At the preliminary examination the testimony of Golden and others was positive as to the assault and all its particulars.

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RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

## Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

P. T. BARNUM within the last twenty years expended upward of \$3,000,000 in newspaper advertisements, and he left behind him a fortune of \$5,000,000.

AT YAKUTSK, Siberia, the ground is perpetually frozen to a depth of 612 feet. Every citizen of Yakutsk can eat of the surface without extra expense.

A WHITENESS describes Kodiak Island, Alaska, as larger than either of the New England states, with a gulf capable of producing many varieties of fruit.

A LAUGHING ghost is said to haunt the mountains of east Tennessee. Ghosts are not particularly desirable, but this kind is preferable to the conventional wailing and sobbing spook.

THE dust collected by a small patch of snow between November 27 and December 27 last indicates that one thousand tons of snow settle monthly on the one hundred and ten square miles of London.

JUDGE VIRGIN said, in granting a divorce at Skowhegan, Me.: "No woman who is decent should be obliged to live with a drunken husband, and if she comes to me I will grant her a divorce every time."

A SCHEME is proposed for building a railway to run over the tops of the houses in New York city. The principal material used in the manufacture of that road will be supplied by a powerful imagination.

A NOON in New York has discovered that carelessness in his practice is not excusable because he did not expect to get his pay. The court held him guilty of malpractice just the same for the pauper as for the millionaire patient.

THEODORE TILTOX is living in Paris, where he is writing articles on the syndicate system to earn subsistence and writing poems to satisfy and gratify himself. His articles go, but his poems are to be published only after death.

THE EAST.

AT the Edgar Thomson steel works in Braddock, Pa., general resumption of work took place, giving employment to 2,000 men.

IN Boston Gen. R. E. Butler was ejected from the United States district court room by order of Judge Carpenter, who declared the famous lawyer a disorderly person.

THE BATTLE of a deceased maid at Greensburg, Pa., \$9,000 were found.

The firm of Robert T. Almy & Co., clothiers at Boston, failed for \$10,000.

LICENSE to retail intoxicating liquors in Washington county, Pa., has been granted for the first time in twenty-three years.

A PITCHED battle was fought between the deputy sheriffs and the Huguenots during attempted evictions of strikers at Uniontown, Pa., and one girl was killed and many of both parties were wounded.

THE NATIONAL league baseball season has opened.

HENRY PARSONS, aged 71 years, fatally shot Mr. and Mrs. Peter Seible and then shot himself at Chatham, N. Y.

AT Newark, N. J., Max Hungar, a German, fatally shot his former sweetheart, Martha Maravsky, and himself.

FLAMES destroyed the Wigris, Dickenson, Pritchard and Wilson blocks at Rome, N. Y., loss, \$10,000.

THE CENSUS returns for 1890 from the manufacturing industries of the United States show that Philadelphia leads all the cities of the country in the value of their annual product.

THE NEW YORK STATE Farmers' Alliance at Hornellsville declared against the third-party movement.

THE sheriff while making evictions at Leisering, in the Pennsylvania coke regions, shot a woman in the thigh and a man in the mouth, and was himself wounded in the article. The families finally were put out of their houses by the assistants of the militia.

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Gabrielle Greeley, daughter of the late Horace Greeley, took place at Pleasantville, N. Y., Rev. Frank M. Clendenin, an Episcopalian clergyman, being the groom.

THE DEATH of Philip L. Moon, president of the Washburn & Moon Manufacturing Company, occurred at his home in Worcester, Mass., aged 67 years.

EIGHTY Mormons in charge of two elders en route for Utah arrived in New York from Europe.

A LOW RESORT in New York an abandoned woman was mangled and mutilated. Detectives said the crime was evidently the work of "Jack the Ripper."

A FREIGHT train collided with a work train at Rock Point, Pa., and two laborers were instantly killed and three fatally hurt.

THE DEATH of Rev. James Remington, one of the oldest clergymen of western New York, occurred at Akron, aged 90 years.

WEST AND SOUTH.

IS THE various cities of Illinois elections were held for municipal officers. The license question was the issue in many places, and twenty-four voted for it and twenty against.

PHYSICIANS in Chicago have decided that Joseph Mullaney, the famous story teller, is not insane.

OFFICIALS of the government have captured and destroyed six stills, together with 100 gallons of whisky and 10,500 gallons of wine in Letcher, Leslie and Laurel counties in Kentucky.

FLAMES swept away Davis & Cresswell's big machine house and brass and type foundry at Denver, Col., causing a loss of \$150,000.

THE failure was reported of N. Gregg & Sons, cotton factors and wholesale grocers at Shreveport, La., for \$225,000.

FIRE destroyed the livery stable of J. B. Cook & Son at St. Paul, Minn., and sixty horses perished in the flames.

THE DEATH of P. T. Barnum elicited much press comments on his career. His name is familiar to the people and has become incorporated in the French language. Hon. Whitelaw Reid said: "Barnum had many excellent qualities. Horace Greeley agreed with Barnum on the questions of temperance and universalism and always spoke of him in the highest terms. A few years ago Barnum sent me his autobiography with a dedication on the flyleaf saying: 'As I cannot live to correct the proof sheets of my obituary, I offer you these pages, where you will find all the facts of my life correctly told.'

THE GREAT, arid desert of Sahara has been tapped and found to be full of water. An enormous reservoir only one hundred and twenty feet below the surface has been discovered at El-Golea, a small caravan station in the middle of the desert. The importance of such a discovery can scarcely be appreciated by the people of this country. El-Golea is one of the stopping places in the great caravan region, and this desert is said to develop great wealth.

ON a farm near Huron, S. D., an ardent well, believed to be the greatest in the world, has been sunk. Its depth was estimated at 1,000 feet per acre.

OPPOSITES.

Opposite to order, clean, done on short notice and lowest price.

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RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

## THE LITTLE FOOT-PAGE.

The little page, Batty, lay under a tree,  
Gazing up into the sky.  
A very little little foot-page was he;  
His hair was yellow as its content,  
And blue was his sparkling eye.

His little round pup was red as a rose;  
His shadow was lightning-bright;  
Silken and soft were his crimson hose;  
His queer little shoes turned up at the toes;  
And his chords had a velvet sheen.

Dismissed us he lay there: "My lord, the king,  
I heard the herald proclaim,  
Has lost the stone from his signet-ring;  
And wherefore the stone will bring,  
Whatever his state or name?"

"Shall have, henceforth, at his command  
Jewels and rubies fine;  
His name shall be honored in all the land;  
His home, a palace superbly grand;  
These splendors shall all be mine."

"The other foot-page is so dull, and so slow—  
Oh, Rudolf's a dreadful dupe!"

"He never will find the stone, I know;  
Bless me! he doesn't know where to go.  
I'll bid him away at once."

"I'll go where the king sat yesterday  
To hear the minister sing;  
For the ground is strewn with violets white,  
And he clapped his hands with all his might;  
And there I shall find the ring."

"Then the herald will lead me away by the hand,  
And cry in his loudest voice:  
Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!  
It's the treasure and palace grand!  
It's both the king rejoice!"

"My life will be joyous and free from care,  
For of course I shall find the stone;  
And far away in the future far,  
Perhaps I shall wed the Prince of Clares—  
And even come to the throne!"

So musing and planning the page lay there,  
Gazing up into the sky.

Building such wonderful castles in air,  
They far exceeded the palace fair—  
And the mighty hour drew nigh.

Then gaily the little foot-page arope,  
And took his way to the tower.

Skipping along on his queer little toes  
And saying: "Perhaps before night—who knows?"

In my palace I'll lay me down."

But alack and alas! for the day dreams bright—  
Alas! for the justice fair.

As he entered the town, with a footstep light,  
He beheld a most bewitching sight:

The beautiful Princess Cläre.

Was leaning a little foot-page by the hand;

While the herald with loaded voice,  
Cried: "Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!"

It's the treasure and palace grand!  
It's both the king rejoice."

"And the king my master, doth bid me say  
To each and everyone:  
Go clothe yourself in your best array,  
For the finest feast will be given to-day,  
That ever was under the sun!"

Then the other foot-page went home alone—  
Sister and sister he—

And donned his holiday dress with a green,  
For Rudolf had sought, and found the stone.

While Batty lay under the tree.

—Katherine S. Atton, in St. Nicholas.

A TALE OF TWO TRUNKS.

Romantic Outcome of a Most Embarrassing Situation.

"What a very peculiar trunk!" said Mr. Marrowbone, looking through his eye-glasses at a large and handsome one which the civil salesman had just dragged from its retreat in the corner to the center of the room.

"Peculiar? Yes, sir," said the young man, lifting the lid and exhibiting the interior. "This trunk, sir, was made to order for a very wealthy gentleman. In fact we made him two just alike. He never wanted them, and we are disposing of them at a sacrifice."

"Why didn't he want them?" asked Mr. Marrowbone, who had a streak of curiosity—doubts—distrust from his mother—in his composition. "Curious, not to want what you have ordered."

"Yes, sir," replied the salesman. "Very curious. But in this case, there was a complication that rendered the gentleman quite excusable. He committed suicide."

"Ah! very wrong!" said Mr. Marrowbone. "Very wrong of him!"

"Quite so, sir," replied the salesman. "You observe the elegant receptacle for needles; this place for your collar-box; here lies the shirts; if you please. On the whole, I doubt if you can find anything like it in the city."

"I doubt if I can," said Mr. Marrowbone. "Just my initials on it, 'M. M.' Milton Marrowbone; and send it at once."

"Very well, sir; and I think you will never regret the purchase," said the salesman.

Hardly had he bowed his customer out of the door, when a lady tripped up the steps and entered. She was rather good-looking, her age might have been thirty, and her appearance was that which may be described by the expression, "just turned out of a bandbox."

"I want a trunk," she began; "and—there—this is exactly what I like." And she pointed to Mr. Marrowbone's recent purchase.

"Sorry, madam, but we have just sold that," said the polite salesman, conjuring up an expression of regret which was quite touching. "But—here he allowed a gleam of hope to sparkle in his eye—but, madam, we have another, rather similar, differing only in the interior; one, in fact, more suitable for a lady."

"Let me see it," said the customer. Another trunk was trembled from the shadows in the far corner of the shop and whisked open. The lady peeped into it.

"I'll take it," she said, after hearing the price. "I'll take it. I'm in a desperate hurry. Put my initials on it, and send it home at once."

The polite clerk made a bow so profound that it very nearly became an acrobatic performance, and the lady vanished. She had left her card—

MARIA MUTTON.

"Two 'M. M.'s" on these trunks, Joshua," said the clerk to the customer who appeared at the touch of the electric bell. "And quick about it."

Shortly, these trunks were sent home, and very soon after, they were, curiously enough, standing side by side in a large express-wagon bound for the Grand Central depot, and, still more coincidentally, found themselves piled one on the other in the baggage car on its way to New Haven, while their respective owners, Miss Maria Mutton and Mr. Milton Marrowbone, sat side by side. A curious combination of facts; but "fact" as we are told, in every edition of every daily paper, is "stranger than fiction."

Mr. Marrowbone had lived forty years without giving his heart entirely to any woman. Miss Mutton, at thirty-five, was still a dear little lamb, as far as her tenderest affections

went. But as they sat together in the express car, the same cinders trying to get into their eyes, the same steam-whistle shrieking in their ears, the same boy continually offering them newspapers, peppermint candy and chewing-gum, the same lank and sad-eyed youth beggarings them refreshing draughts of the water which it was his duty to carry through the cars, something happened. Bachelor and spinster alike felt a softness of heart quite unworded.

"What a nice man he looks like!" said Miss Mutton to herself.

"What a charming woman!" thought Mr. Marrowbone.

When he shut the window for her, she felt: there were moments when—

But no matter. However, on their arrival at the New Haven depot, they separated, as travelers usually do, and saw no more of each other. Miss Mutton at once taking a conveyance for the hotel; Mr. Marrowbone having what he spoke of as "a little bit of something" before he proceeded to the same hostelry. Again coincidence followed them. Mr. Marrowbone was assigned to room No. 5 on the right corridor; Miss Mutton to room No. 5 on the left.

Both slumbered peacefully. Both were aroused by a fearful noise—shouts, cries, shrieks of anger, yell of fire.

Bewildered and terrified, Miss Mutton, in white robe *de nuit* and one of the last remaining night-caps in the world, rushed out into the hall, and found herself in utter darkness amidst a crowd of ladies as much alarmed as herself; and in the right corridor Mr. Marrowbone appeared, or would have appeared had there been any light to see him by, in a night-robe, with a peaked cap, with a tassel on its top, upon his head.

"I, madam," replied the being attired in her garments—"I am a gentleman. We have evidently exchanged rooms in the tumult occasioned by last night's alarm. I will shortly send you a parcel." And he vanished.

A correspondent of a London paper thinks that many medical men would be benefited by the adoption of a medical hat. He has been saved many journeys in the country by the fact that his hat differs from that of other people, and is recognized even on a dark night, and often saves the trouble of retreating his steps for several miles. The hat he has adopted is a dark felt, just the shape of an ordinary straw hat, with low crown and flat brim. Of course, the hat is easily changed when on pleasure bent, and the cost is half that of a silk one.

A Frenchman, who evidently excels in handling large sums of money, has compiled some interesting statistics in regard to the weight of a million of the French coin of the realm. According to him a million in silver weighs 10,000,000 pounds; in gold, 645,150 pounds; in 1,000-franc checks, 2,550 pounds, and in 100-franc checks, 23,000 pounds. Assuming that a carrier could carry 200-weight, eighteen men would be required to carry a million in 1,000-franc checks; 165 men for the same sum in 100-franc checks, 3,225 men in gold and 50,000 in silver. A million in 1,000-franc checks would make 2,000 volumes of 500 pages each.

On February 15, 1805, Lieut. Decatur destroyed the frigate Philadelphia at Tripoli. The bushwhack of Tripoli had become so haughty that he declared war against the United States. President Jefferson sent fleet, which bombarded the city of Tripoli. During the blockade a valiant exploit was performed by Lieut. Decatur. The frigate Philadelphia had unfortunately grounded, and had fallen into the enemy's hands. Concealing his men below, he entered the harbor with a small vessel, which he warped alongside the Philadelphia, in the character of a ship in distress. As the two vessels struck, he leaped aboard with his men, swept the affrighted crew into the sea, set the ship on fire, and amid a tremendous cannonade from the batteries, escaped without the loss of a man.

ALL right," he said, as he struck a match. "There is my trunk; there is not another like it in the city. And there is 'M. M.' on the side." Then he blew out the match and popped it bed.

Almost at the same moment, Maria Mutton with a palpitating heart caught sight of the magic number "5," opened her door, saw her peculiar trunk, noted the initials of her name upon it, by the light of the lamp opposite her door, said: "Thank Heaven!" burst into tears, and drew the drapery of her couch about her.

"What a fearful adventure!" was her last thought before she sank into the arms of slumber. Ah, had she but known it, fearful adventures were only just begun for her.

Mr. Marrowbone awoke early. He had business which demanded prompt attention. He sat up in bed, took off his nightcap and looked about him. He looked in vain. Those garments which he desired to assume were not visible. In their place hung, over a chair back, a woman's dress, on the bureau, where his hat surely left his hat, lay a bonnet and gloves; in place of his many boots there stood a pair of button garters, No. 3; at the utmost.

They met at the *tobol d'hotte*. He bowed. She blushed, but afterward acknowledged the salutation.

There are always people to be found to introduce those who wish to know each other, and the marriage notices of a popular society journal shortly contained an account of the wedding of "Mr. Milton Marrowbone and Miss Mutton, daughter of Mortimer Mutton, of Sheephead farm."

Their peculiar traits now travel together, and the keys jingle lovingly upon one ring.—M. Casy, in N. Y. Ledger.

INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

Customs of People Which Are Treated Eccentrically.

It is easy to sneer at people's eccentricities. We may smile at the man who persists in wearing a queer style of hat, or at the woman who elangs to an old fashion in hair dressing. But in adhering to a custom both agreeable and comfortable do they not show some independence of mind, a decision that helps to leave the lump of general flabbiness?

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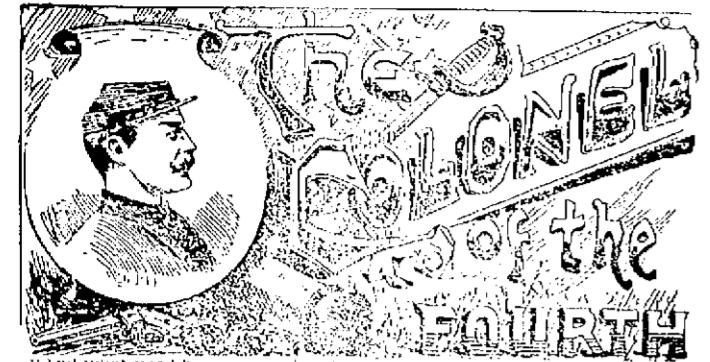
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Are now ready to show the People of Rhinelander the Finest Line of Ready Made Clothing and Spring Overcoats, besides their Hats and Furnishing Goods ever brought to the city. Call and inspect their stock before purchasing elsewhere. Opera House Block.



"And what good has your ragging done you, Charlie?"

"Well, at any rate it has let some of the superfluous steam off and I'm likely to be a little more companionable. So come to my quarters and have a pipe with me. I'm expecting one or two good fellows you will be glad to meet."

"No cards?" Frank asked, sharply.

"Bless your innocent young heart, no—not even a game of Beggar-my-Neighbor to shock your moral principles."

"Who will be there?"

"Why, Green and Carson of ours, Gregory of the Thirty-ninth, and a cavalry fellow on his way home on furlough—he says he knows you, by the by—Mark Henderson, do you remember him?"

"I should think I did. Why, Charlie, he is the man Swayne and I rescued from the guerrillas."

"Ah! that is jolly. Well, put your forage-cap on and let us start."

Symposiums in officers' quarters were not always the kind of entertainments an elderly maiden lady of precise views would have declared particularly improving gatherings, but on this occasion the revelry was not very pronounced. Some whisky and a good deal of tobacco was consumed, of course, but beyond this mild dissipation there was little to complain of. Henderson seemed very pleased to meet Frank again.

"I knew you would be soon sitting at the high seats of the synagogue," he said, "and I told you so. Let me congratulate you on your promotion."

"Thank you," Frank replied—there was something about this man that impressed him with a feeling of admiration—"and let me congratulate you on the glorious charge your fellows made at Springfield. It was grand, heroic—I never heard or read of a more dashing feat of chivalry."

"It was a pretty tidy bit of fighting, I confess," the Captain drawled. "By the by, there was another acquaintance of yours on that battle-field, who rode as though he had a hundred lives at his disposal."

"No! Who?"

"Dick Swayne—you know he enlisted in our corps?"

"Indeed I do not. The last I saw of him he was pounding along with you to the battle-field, with the horse I'd been riding flying at your heels. And that reminds me—did you ever catch my runaway steed?"

"Aye, that we did. Both nags entered my troop with their master and took part in that sevengun at Springfield. As for Dick Swayne, he fought like a wild-cat, and though I'm afraid we shall never make a smart soldier on parade out of him, he'll be worth his weight in gold as a scout."

"Was he wounded?"

"Never got a scratch—seemed as though he bore a charmed life."

"And now?"

"I was not so lucky; but the damage was not very serious—just a bullet through my shoulder-blade, which makes a convenient excuse for a brief trip home."

"Are you going far?"

"To Dayton, O. Then, I may take a run down to a little place called Meltonburg, where I've a sister married to a young doctor, who may be glad to practice his healing art on my person."

"Not Harry Burrows, surely?"

"Yes, Harry Burrows. Why, you don't mean to say that you know him, do you?"

"Know him! I've known him all my life. I live at Meltonburg and my father was a physician there, in whose office Harry got his first lessons in surgery. Oh, Captain Henderson, if you go there, you must call on my mother and Mr. Brentwood, the minister, and be sure to see how Grace—"

Frank paused and blushed scarlet. In the excitement of conversing with a man who was actually about to meet the dear ones at home, he had said more than he intended to do.

"Your sister, I suppose?" Henderson asked, surprised at his confusion.

"No, not exactly—that is to say, Mr. Brentwood's grandchild."

"A child, eh? Some little thing you've made a pet of—nay, don't be insulted of loving children, I'm fond of them myself; so rest easy, for I'll take her a big box of candies and a kiss in your name, and she shall hear how—"

"But," Frank interrupted. "You can't do any such thing. Miss Grace Brentwood is a young lady of eighteen, who would be shocked if—"

"You did the kissing by proxy. Ah, I see how the wind blows, and will be properly considerate of your interests, and respectful to the young lady."

"And you'll see my mother?"

"Indeed I will. And, talking about relations, do you know that I have an uncle in your regiment? No? Well, I have—one of the best fellows that ever put on a soldier's coat—Major Hopkins. I honestly don't think I ever met a kinder, truer gentleman than he is—if you get a chance, cultivate his acquaintance, for he's a good man for a younger like you to know."

"Major Hopkins has been good enough to take some notice of me already."

Frank said intensely pleased as the turn the conversation was taking.

"Yes, I heard him say to-day that you were wonderfully like a boy he lost," Henderson continued. "You see, Uncle Jack has had a pretty tough time of it, and that perhaps accounts for his going to a soldier when most men of his age and means would have preferred to be a substitute."



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her as near perfection as it is possible for woman to be. She might be a little too old for you—but, I don't know—she doesn't look half her age—and, oh, wouldn't it be nice, if—"

A roar of laughter from her husband interrupted the current of her remarks.

"Well," he cried, "if that isn't the boldest flight of feminine imagination I ever listened to! Why, Mark, Mrs. Besant is forty, if she is a day, and much too sensible a woman to encourage a flirtation with a man younger than herself, even if you were *opsis* with her undeniably charms."

"Now this comes of visiting a pair of spous like you two," Henderson said, with assumed regret. "I can not ask a simple question about a neighbor, but off you fly into the realms of romance and matrimony. See, I didn't even ask after the widow at all—I said the Besants, as plain as I could speak. Now, do you think you can come down from your stiffs long enough to tell me who the Besants are?"

"But, Mark, there are no Besants but Mrs. Besant," Mrs. Burrows pleaded.

"She is a widow with some means," her husband explained, "who lives in the best house in the village, and is evidently the person of the place, as you will find out before you have been here very long. She has only one child, a son, who is now covering himself with glory on the battle-fields."

"Yes," Henderson interrupted. "I spent the evening with him a few nights ago." "What?" Mrs. Burrows ejaculated.

"You have been all night in the house and never told us this. Why, Mrs. Besant will be wild to see you. Get ready to go with me at once, sir, or I shall never be forgiven for having kept her so long from seeing you."

"I object," ruthlessly declared Dr. Burrows. "Mark is an invalid and wants rest." Then, seeing the pout on his wife's pretty lips, headed: "But I propose an amendment to your proposition. We've never attempted to give a party since we were married. Now, suppose you go to the Walnut House and invite Mrs. Besant to tea to-night. You can then trot round to the parsonage and ask Mr. Brentwood and his women-folk, and—"

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County Judge ..... J. W. McCormick  
Register of Deeds ..... D. S. Johnson  
Clerk of Court ..... J. S. Sturdevant  
Surveyor ..... A. D. Pridemore  
Coroner ..... J. T. Landon

### CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Congregational Church,  
SERVICES every Sunday at 10 A. M. and  
Services at 7 P. M. and regular services at 8 A. M.  
Fifth school immediately after morning service,  
REV. WM. BLACKWELL, Pastor

### Catholic Church.

Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and  
Services at 7 P. M. Vespers every alternate Sunday at  
REV. FATHER JULY, Pastor,

### Methodist Church.

Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and  
Services at 7 P. M. and regular services at 8 A. M.  
Fifth school immediately after morning service,  
REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor

### Episcopal Church.

Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and  
Services at 7 P. M. and regular services at 8 A. M.  
Fifth school immediately after morning service,  
REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor

### JOHN A. LOGAN POST, No. 222, Regular

Meetings on 2d and 4th evenings of each  
month at G. A. R. Hall, Brown's block.

### RICHARD REED, Chap.

### I. O. O. F. LODGE, No. 26, Regular

Meetings on half every Monday evening,  
F. A. Hildebrandt, Sec.

### F. A. M.

RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 26, F. A. M.

Meetings first and third Tuesdays in  
every month, at the St. Paul's Building, Sec.

### R. T. PUGH, Sec.

### R. C. KING, W. M.

### L. O. G. T.

PELICAN RAPIDS LODGE, No. 24, Meets

every Friday evening at 8 P. M. in the hall.

### B. T. PAUL, G. T.

PELICAN RAPIDS LODGE, No. 24

Meets each Friday evening

### E. G. SOUER, Chap. R. & S. W. E. BROWN, C. C.

CARPENTERS UNION

RHINELANDER LODGE NO. 178.

### R. C. KING, Sec.

### B. E. CANFIELD, Pres.

### PROFESSIONAL.

MILLER & MCGOWICK,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Collections sharply looked after.

Office over First National Bank.

A. L. BARNES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

Collections promptly attended to.

Town and county orders handled.

A. W. SHELTON,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Special attention paid to homestead  
law and contests.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

PAUL BROWNE,

Attorneys-at-Law,

RHINELANDER, WIS.

Collection Society.

L. J. BILLINGS,

Attorney & Counselor

RHINELANDER, WIS.

T. B. MCINDOE,

Physician & Surgeon

RHINELANDER, WIS.

Office in Gray's block.

J. M. DODD, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

Office at Hospital, WISCONSIN.

C. S. MCINDOE, D. D. S.

Dental Parlors,

Bank of Rhinelander Builders.

K. E. THOMPSON,

Physician & Surgeon

Office in Brown's block.

RHINELANDER, WIS. - WISCONSIN.

B. CONOVER, L. F. PORTER, H. P. PADLEY

Conover, Porter & Padley,

ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Knight block,

Knight block, Madison, Wis.

Ashtabula, Wis.

Merchants' State Bank.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.

RHINELANDER, WIS. - WISCONSIN.

General Banking Business Transacted.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Sell exchange on all European countries. Tickets to and from Europe or all steam boat lines.

FIRST NATIONAL.

Bank of Rhinelander.

Rhinelander, WIS. - WISCONSIN.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Best Protection for Funds.

CITY BAKERY,

LOUIS STERN, Prop.

Headquarters for Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Vegetables, Oysters and Fancy Groceries.

A SPECIALTY IN -

Pastry, Baking and Ice Cream for

Parties and Entertainments.

All orders will be promptly filled and delivered to any part of the city if desired.

ALBRECHIT & CO.,

DEALER IN

Fresh & Salt Meats

POULTRY, LARD, VEGETABLES

—AND—

Cannery Produce.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN,  
NORTH BOUND

No. 8—Limited ..... 8:30 A. M.

No. 13—Accommodation ..... 1:05 P. M.

No. 15—Accommodation arrives ..... 3:00 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 14—Accommodation ..... 1:05 P. M.

No. 11—Accommodation ..... 3:15 P. M.

No. 1—Limited ..... 5:15 P. M.

W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Ry.

The Short Line East to Gladstone, Sault Ste. Marie and all Cuyahoga and New England points.

Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 8—Passenger ..... 10:45 P. M. through

No. 17—Passenger ..... 10:45 P. M. through

No. 21—Freight ..... 9:30 P. M. through

No. 20—Freight ..... 7:30 P. M. through

Chicago connections made at Pendleton with M. & W. Ry. for Lake Superior points and at Trout Lake with D. S. S. & A. Ry. for Mackinaw and all Lower Peninsula points.

Charley Clancy's place.

Ben Sweet has started his drive.

He takes the logs belonging to Brown & Robbins, Merrill Lumber Co., and several other concerns.

Rhinelander will do more building this year than any town in this section.

Already a score or more of homes are started and there will be many more before fall.

The surfacing crew brought up by the Lake Shore Co. to work on the line between here and Hurley, struck for more pay than was offered. A new crew took their place.

We have got new old hardwood bed-

room suits which we will guarantee to

sell you cheaper than you can get them

from Chicago or Milwaukee only a few

more left at Gothic & Damas.

The "Soo" line officials, including

Messrs. Finney, Underwood and Shute,

were in the city last week for a day.

They spent the time at the Business

Men's rooms, making the acquaintance

of and visiting with the business men.

The members of Oneida Lodge, No. 48, celebrated the 72d anniversary of the order by giving a card party and banquet in their hall on Stevens street, Monday evening last. About sixty people attended, and they are about to announce it one of the most pleasant parties of the season.

A. Tonissant has fitted up the Pacific House, at considerable expense,

and will lease it to any responsible

party. Anyone wishing a good hotel

stand with an established business can

secure it by applying to A. Tonissant.

A social was given at the residence

of James Dunn Tuesday evening by

the Catholic ladies. Supper was served,

and a dance in Jerry's new barn

constituted the main part of the even-

ings entertainment.

Thomas McDermott Jr. has purchased

the old store building formerly

used as a place of worship by the Congregational society, of P. P. Stoltzman

and has moved it to his lot on Brown

street, next to Johnson & Co's clothing

store. It will be used for a saloon.

The Menasha Wooden Ware Company

have closed a contract with E. R.

Bristol, of the "Soo" mill, to saw their

timber ready for inspection and sale

at an early date.

John Beard will build a home on

the lot next to Paul Browne's residence,

this spring. Work has already begun.

A great many private residences are

being fitted for water service. The

company will have a big private

watering place here.

Farmers have their stock ready for inspection and sales in their new building on the North Side.

Tim Lemon and wife were at Leaven-

worth last week, called there to attend

the funeral of

And then was the time that that sweet little creeter put up her arms and disdained me, and I says, sort o' low like, but very tender:

"Sweetheart, you know just how much I love you, don't you?"

And then I kissed her several times in various places on her face, every one on 'em sweet places. And then I went on and talked dreftful good to babe about the new baby. I confided in her, told her about how the little new son had come, unknown to herself, here into great, strange world, how helpless it was, how weak, and how we must all help it, and try to make it feel itself at home amongst us.

And I tried to explain it to her, how that as she had come first, she owed a courtesy to the newcomer, and that she must be ready and willing to neighbor with her. I didn't use just those words, but them was my idea.

I told her how blind the little creeter was, and babe, if only out of politeness, must try to see for her, lead her straight over ways she knew nothin' about, and keep her from harmin' herself.

How baby Snow couldn't talk for herself at all now, and babe must talk for her; good talk, that little Snow could learn of her bimby. How she couldn't walk, and babe must go ahead of her and make a good path for her to follow when she got big enough.

I told her just how hard it was for the little creeter to be put here in the midst of sorrow, and trouble, and dangers, and how we must all of us be just as good to her as we could out of pity for the deep little lonesome creeter.

So I rounched up babe's pity for her, and she was all animated about helpin' her; and then I told her the baby had come to be a great blessin' and comfort to her, if she was only patient and good to her.

And don't you see the very fact of babe havin' to do a kindness to Snow, havin' to do good things for her, was the surest way of makin' her love her, for it is a great fact in our human nature that you can't love 'em that you have injured in any way. And at the same time, if you have ever been good to anybody, you always feel softer towards 'em ever afterwards, and more to 'em.

C'mus, ain't it? But it is a fact. And I spoke the reason of it is that you have sort of *forred* yourself in your own estimation by doing a mean, unkind act, and so, in order to satisfy your mental criticism of yourself to make it right with your own soul, you lay

it on the baby. Babe put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it. And I winked to Miss Pixley to not say no more, for I knew what she meant; I knew she meant that Thomas Jefferson's little new baby would crowd babe, our Fizeli Ann's little daughter, out of our hearts.

But Miss Pixley went right on. She is an old maid, and has had five disappointments, and some say seven, and they have embittered her. And says she to babe:

"Little Snow, the new baby will take your place now, in grandmama's heart."

Babe looked troubled; on her smooth little brow I could see fall the first faint shadow of that great black shape that we call jealousy. Her big, sweet eyes looked as if they was cloundin' up nicely for tears.

And I wunk severer and more vigelant winks than I had wunk before at Miss Pixley to stop! If ever a wink spoke, them did, to stop immediately!

But she kep right on. Poor creeter, I spoke them disappointment was the she cause on't. She kep right on, and sseshe:

"You won't be grandmama's baby any more now; she has got somebody else to love now."

And then the cloud did break into a rainfull of tears. Babe just burst out a cryin', and snuggled down into my arms, and laid her wet cheeks on my bosom, through the force of old custom, and, amon' 'em much like human creeters, who oppose the approach of foreign visitors.

Pew have ever been able to see Lhasa, the sequestered capital of Tibet; and this is the first European expedition that has traversed the whole region, from the Russian provinces of Siberia or Turkestan to the French colony of Tsinqua, south of the Chinese empire. The remarkable journey of 1,500 miles, from northwest to southeast, was accomplished by M. Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans, with the Belgian missionary priest, Father de Dekon, from Kuldja on the Chinese frontier of Turkestan, over the Tien-shan range, then southward from the Loh Nor lake to the Tengri Nor, near Lhasa, and eastward to Batang, thence to Yunnan, in southern China, is a performance of great interest. They left France in July, 1889, and returned on November 22, 1890, since which arrival they have been entertained with many tokens of honor and approval in Paris.

Why I know it is, and so I made sure that baby should begin right.

For if you do a good, helpful thing for a person, your hull soul feels comfortable, and you bring up unconscious mental reasons why you did it; it was because they were so good, smart, etc., etc.

And so you keep on a feelin' good and comfortable, and you keep on a proun' up to your own self, till you get fair in love with 'em. Bless you if you don't!

A very evins thing. But the way I do, when I get hold of a strange fact or truth, I don't expect to explain it full myself before I act on't.

No, I grasp hold of it and use it for my own then, and afterwards wonder at it to my heart's content.

So babe got to thinkin' she was necessary to little Snow's happiness, and that tickled her little self-esteem, jest as if she was a older child, only accordin' to her size, she drew her head away as if sayin':

"I can't lay my head there any more; if the love has gone out of the heart it won't rest me nor comfort me no more to lay there."

And pride woke up in her; she was too proud to make a fuss, or beg for love. How much, how much big children! So she sat up kinder straight in my lap, with her pretty lips a quiverin', an the tears a-runnin' down her cheeks.

And I riz right up with babe in my arms and went out of the room pretty quick, but not vigelant.

Josiah was there. I wouldn't miss Miss Pixley ownin' to sit six or seven things mentioned by me prior and before this. But I felt that I must make it right with babe that very minute.

I knew how she felt—wounded love, and pride, and jealousy, etc., etc., etc.

I knew that a few syllables of about the hardest lessons of life had come to babe, and I must help her spell 'em; I must help her with her lesson.

So I took her right into the parlor and set down with her in the big chair, and never said a word for a minute or two, only held her close to me, and kissed the shinin' hair that lay up against my cheek.

She asten'glin' at first, jealous and pride a-maggin' her, and she at first not bein' able to hear any voices only jest them of jealousy and pride—jest like older children exactly.

But after awhile I held her so warm and stiddy, with my cheek a-layin' on the pretty head, the stiddy, firm clasp and contact sort of calmed her, and

she got to thinkin' she must watch over her or she would get hurt, which pulled out all the good protector's motherly impulses of her little soul which was in her—still accordin' to her weight, forty pounds more or less.

And day by day babe's love for the little creeter grew till it was fairly able to see 'em together, and so Jazid said, and Thomas J. said so, and Fizeli Ann and Maggie and Whitefield.

And as for Miss Pixley, I thought to myself, disappointments or not, I have got to give her a talkin' ta, and the very next time I see her.

She had gone when babe and I went out of the parlor—the babe with happy, bright eyes, and I with kinder, thoughtful, pitying ones, and all four on my kinder wet.

But the next time I see Miss Pixley alone, I tickled her, and she as good as promised me that she wouldn't ever say to any woman's child what she had said to babe.

And I don't believe she will either, for she's got good in her.

She hasn't such a bad creeter after all, and good land! what can you expect—seven, right along, one after the other?—Josiah Allen's Wife, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Young Philosopher.

A boy sat on the dock at the D. & M. depot yesterday with a fishing line in the water and the ice cakes swirled around it. A man who saw him stopped to ask:

"Are you fishing?"

"Yep."

"C'mon anything?"

"Don't you know that you don't stand one chance in a thousand of catchin' a fish?"

"Yep."

"Then what are you here for?"

"To get used to not catchin' a blamed thing!" replied the boy as he hauled up the bait to spit on it—Detroit Free Press.

## IN STRANGE LANDS.

Travels of Prince Henry of Orleans and M. Bonvalot.

Across Little-Known Tibet—Fascinating Opposition of the Natives to the Passage of Europeans—Safe in Paris Again.

Among the notable recent exploits of travel in the cause of geographical knowledge is that conducted by M. Gabriel Bonvalot, of the French Geographical Society, accompanied by Prince Henry of Orleans, eldest son of the Duke de Chartres, in the mountainous region and elevated plateau of cen-



PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS ARRIVED FOR TRAVELING.

tral Asia, between the Altai range to the north, or the Tien-shan, "the Celestial mountains," to the northwest, and the Himalaya ranges to the south, with those extending far eastward to China. The country of Tibet, widely regarded, comprising the whole of the region, occupies nearly 700,000 square miles, nowhere below 10,000 feet in elevation, generally 12,000 feet above the sea level, and many parts have scarcely been explored by European travelers. In those rugged uplands, with their severe climate, long journeys must always be extremely laborious and attended with personal hardships and fatigues; but the physical difficulties are less than the political, from the hostility of the Lamas, the Buddhist ecclesiastical corporation ruling Tibet, and from the unfriendly intrigues of Chinese officials, who oppose the approach of foreign visitors.

Pew have ever been able to see Lhasa, the sequestered capital of Tibet; and this is the first European expedition that has traversed the whole region, from the Russian provinces of Siberia or Turkestan to the French colony of Tsinqua, south of the Chinese empire. The remarkable journey of 1,500 miles, from northwest to southeast, was accomplished by M. Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans, with the Belgian missionary priest, Father de Dekon, from Kuldja on the Chinese frontier of Turkestan, over the Tien-shan range, then southward from the Loh Nor lake to the Tengri Nor, near Lhasa, and eastward to Batang, thence to Yunnan, in southern China, is a performance of great interest. They left France in July, 1889, and returned on November 22, 1890, since which arrival they have been entertained with many tokens of honor and approval in Paris.

SUNSET COX IN BRONZE.

The Statue Made by Louise Lawson for the Letter Carriers.

The letter carriers of New York some time ago inaugurated a movement to erect a monument in Central Park to Samuel S. Cox, the late member of congress, who was a great friend of the post office employees and had rendered them great service. They appealed to their brethren throughout the country and met with great success. From every state in the union subscriptions poured in on the committee, which was soon in a position to set about the work practically. It was decided that the monument should be a simple statue standing on a plain granite pedestal, and the contract for making the model was given to Miss Louise Lawson, the sculptor. She has completed her model in clay, and a few days ago gave a private view to the reporters. The statue will be of bronze, will be nine feet high and will stand on a pedestal twelve feet high. The model represents Mr. Cox as in the act of speaking in congress, his eye on the speaker, his right hand raised and his index finger extended, while his left arm hangs by his side. Those who have seen the model differ in their opinion of its artistic merits. Some claim that it is a poor piece of work which can never be accepted by the art experts who are to pass upon it, while others insist that it is all right. The letter carriers have accepted it and agreed to pay Miss Lawson \$10,000 for her work. Her original design was a monument that would portray the his-

GOSLIN AND DOLLEY.

the city. He had no fear of the 1st of April before his eyes as he stumbled about, with his mouth open wider than his eyes, as if he would not only see all there was to be seen, but apparently wanted to breathe in the very spirit of the city.

He seemed to be trying to gaze over the top of the tall buildings into the next street as he hore down on the purse, and so he did not see it until the toe of his extensive boot touched it and knocked it two or three feet from its original position.

This attracted the attention of the rural delegate to the purse, and he bent up on the side of the mountain, and observed from view at a short distance, a boy, flat tract, or basin, containing large numbers of rocky pillars, shafts and spires, worn into the most grotesque shapes by the action of the elements. The forms of animals, human beings, churches and a multi-

itudine of animals and inanimate objects can be traced in the rocks, the variety being limited only by the imagination of the beholder. The storms of ages have worn deep channels among the rocks, through which the visitor wanders as in a bewildering labyrinth. It is a weird spot, and one never tires of threading its rocky mazes and gazing upon time's sculpturings.

The Red Troubles.

Dashaway—After last night's experience I shall never take a girl to the theater again.

Clevertown—Why, wasn't the play good? I've heard the leading man was splendid.

Dashaway—That's just the trouble. She never took her eyes off him the whole evening—West Shore.

The Best Kind.

Wagleigh—I should think girls would make good composers.

Editor—Why so?

Wagleigh—Because they always appear to have their forms ready for dress.

Editor—Lightly.

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## GENERAL JOHNSTON.

The Life of the Late Deceased Confederate Leader.

A Man Beloved by Friends and Enemies—His Services in the Florida War—General Sherman's Friendship for His Chief Antagonist.

Joseph Eggleston Johnston was born in Prince Edward county, Va., in February, 1807. He was educated at the United States military academy at West Point, graduated in 1829 in the same class with Gen. R. E. Lee. He served for some years in the engineering department of the army, and was aid to Gen. Winfield Scott in the Seminole war. He was brevetted captain for bravery in the war with the Florida Indians. On one occasion while in command of a small reconnoitering party he was surprised by the Indians, and nearly all the officers were killed before the men could be roused. Lieutenant Johnston succeeded in getting the men together and conducted an orderly retreat for seven miles. A ball struck him on the forehead and grazed along the entire top of his head. The uniform worn by him in this fight was long preserved by his friends, it having no less than thirty bullet holes in it.

He served in the Florida war of 1832-33, and from that time until the Mexican war was engaged in topographical and other engineering work, among which was the running of the northern and southern boundaries of the United States. He was in nearly every important engagement in the hostilities with Mexico, being brevetted lieutenant colonel and colonel in April, 1847. At both Chupitlapeo and Cerro Gordo he was severely wounded. At the former Gen. Scott reported that Col. Johnston was the first to plant regimental colors upon the Mexican fortress. He was mustered out of service as lieutenant colonel of volunteers, but by a special act of congress he was reinstated to his former rank of captain of topographical engineers.

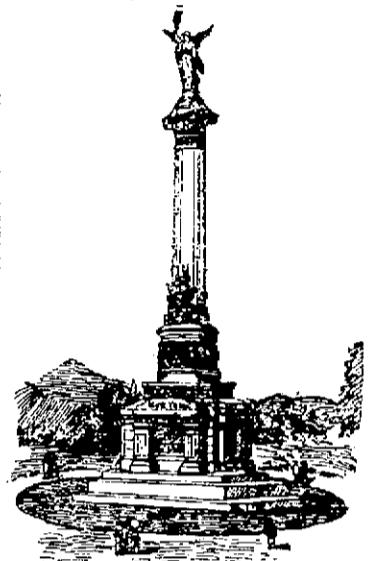
April 22, 1851, when he resigned to enter the confederate service, he was quartermaster general of the United States army. He was at once made major general of volunteers in the army of Virginia, and assisted Gen. Lee in organizing the state troops at Richmond. He took part in several preliminary skirmishes, and arrived on the battlefield of Manassas in time to turn defeat into glorious victory. He was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines in May, 1862, and was incapacitated for active service until the following fall. August 31 of that year he was made one of the five full generals by act of the confederate congress. In March, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the department of the southwest. The following December he was transferred to command the army of Tennessee.

He opposed Sherman vigorously in his march to the sea, but was at last compelled to yield to overwhelming odds and resources. He consulted in Greensboro, N. C., with President Davis when on his way south. April 18, just nine days after the capitulation of Lee, Gen. Johnston surrendered his

GETTYSBURG STATUE.  
The Grand Monument to Be Erected by New York State.

An official invitation was given, some time ago, to numerous American sculptors of established reputation in interpreting the salient features of the civil war, to submit designs for the New York state monument, for which \$50,000 has been appropriated at Albany. The award under this invitation was made to the eminent military sculptor, Caspar Buberl, under the conditions laid down by the state board of commissioners, and signed by the president, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, which offered a premium of \$500 for the best design, of \$300 for the second best, and of \$200 for the third best.

The monument, which Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper calls the loftiest and most imposing that will mark the field of Gettysburg, is 96 feet high from the base line to the apex of the surrounding figure, while the national monument only rises to a height of 65 feet. The base line is 273 feet square and the diameter of the bronze drum, ornamented in emblematic figures and compositions, is 9 feet 6 inches in height and 5 feet 3 inches in diameter. Higher up is a polished granite shaft 33 feet in the perpendicular, and surmounted by an ornate capital; and above all is the commanding female figure of Victory, with outstretched palm and laurel.



square, are placed the corps badges of the New York commands engaged, as follows: Engineer, Artillery, First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh, Twelfth and signal corps, and cavalry.

The enceling drum is the historic part of the structure and composition. On the front quadrant is "The Fourth of July," a sitting female figure in a sunburst, reposing in the folds of the stars and stripes, and flanked on either side by allegorical figures of History and Justice. The second quadrant, "The First of July," portrays in a patriotic composition the death of Gen. Reynolds. The third quadrant, "The Second of July," a group showing Gen. Sickles wounded and being borne from the field. The fourth, "The Third of July," Hancock falling from his horse. Below this bronze illustration are thirty-six stars representing the indissoluble union. The quadrants are also separated by trophy-pilasters representing the different branches of the military art by suitable emblems.

The directing engineer of the monument is Mr. H. A. Zahorski, assistant to Gen. Sickles, and the work is fast nearing completion.

### WINE-AND-WATER TRICK.

It Takes Time and Skill to Do It, But It May Be Done.

The game, or puzzle, or trick, or experiment, or whatever you like to call it, which is given here requires some skill and patience. You take, says the Boston Globe, two wine-glasses of the same size; fill one with claret or any other dark wine, and the other with water. But don't do it on the dinner-table—at all events not while the table-cloth is on it—for unless you are careful you may spill the wine; and you know that those who sit the tablecloth have to kiss the laundry. Next you cover the glass of water with a card and put it upside down on the glass filled with wine, so that the two brims fit exactly on each other. Then you move the card between the two glasses just sufficiently to leave a small opening between the two glasses. The water immediately begins to flow into the wine, and the wine, which is the lighter of the two fluids, mounts into the glass on the top.

"Queer time for poker."

It takes quite a long time—nearly an hour—to complete the experiment, but you will then see that the wine and water have exchanged places, and the water has driven the wine into the "upper house."

How the "Hum Blossom" Blooms.

The circulation is through two sets of blood vessels—arteries and veins—both obtaining their motive power from the heart acting as a force pump. Alcohol increases the pulsations, and, as the blood is sent from the heart to the extremities faster than the veins can take it up again to return it, engorgement results, and the nose, being a remote portion of the circulation, reddens and finally becomes discolored. This, however, is not different from other organs of the body; all are congested and similarly discolored by the use of alcohol.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Detective—is this Mr. Hardup?

Hardup (uneasily)—Yes, but I'm very busy, and can't talk to you. Call again.

Detective—I have a warrant for your arrest.

Hardup (relieved)—Oh! I thought you had a bill.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Liberal Variety.

(In a down-town restaurant)—A piece of mince pie.

—Yes, sir. With or without?

—With, if you like that.

At the Restaurant.

Gazza (to waiter)—I'll take mutton soup.

Maddox—Ditto.

Walter—I'm afraid we have not got

the right kind of mutton.

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Henry Thrish was in the city Monday on business.

Read the Town Board's ordinance in another column.

H. A. Johnson will run Conro's boarding house this summer.

W. C. Chapman is here, and will probably remain here for the summer.

Mrs. Fairchild buried a four year old son Sunday. Diphtheria was the cause of death.

Jewell & Bastian's store is being enlarged, and their business is steadily on the increase.

The M. E. Church ladies gave a supper to a large number in the church parlors last evening.

Nobles Dramatic Co. at the Grand Opera House all of next week. 10, 20 and 30 cents are the prices.

There will be preaching in the Congregational church Sunday morning and evening by Rev. Wm. Blackwell.

"Lost in London" at Rhinelander opera house Saturday eve, May 9. Seats on sale at Jenkinson's jewelry store.

Ross Gilbert has brought a new steamer to town. It has all the appearance of a liner, but as yet no chance has been given to show what it can do.

The Board of Health and Officer Tittle have done good work this spring in getting every body to work cleaning up their premises. There has been a general exodus of rubbish this week.

W. E. Wolcott, of Illinois, has leased the building on Brown street, formerly occupied as a barber shop, and will open a photographic studio there in a few days. He will be ready for business next week.

Shyster Sam's howl about "Bishop leaving Madison before his bill was acted upon" would read pretty well along with the valuable statement that the bill passed exactly as amended in committee while Bishop was there.

Newton Beers and his famous company of actors will be seen at the Rhinelander opera house Saturday eve, May 9. Mr. Beers carries a car load of special scenery for this production and it will be the dramatic event of the season. Reserved seats on sale at Jenkinson's jewelry store.

The theater held a fine audience last night when Newton Beers' excellent company convened a week's engagement. The piece presented was "Lost in London." The scenery and cast is good. Newton Beers in his impersonation of Job Arumoy proved himself a capable actor, and deserved the success he met with. Marie Wellesley as Job's wife was excellent, as she always is in anything she undertakes. The cast is well balanced, and no doubt the attraction will draw well.—St. Paul, Minn., "Globe," April 21, 61.

**Dissolution Notice.**

The firm of Edwards & Flynn is dissolved by mutual consent. B. F. Edwards will receive all money due and pay all debts against the firm.

B. F. Edwards.

John Flynn

Dated, Rhinelander, Wis. Apr. 30, 91.

Shaw's Sophistry.

Last week The New North said that a man who would sell out his own town, his own county and his own neighbors was a slyster who would bear watching. Samuel Shaw, of Crandon, immediately put the coat on and it fit him like the paper on a wall. It further stated that Samuel Shaw had spent the winter in performing the very reprehensible labors of working for legislation which was detrimental to this county this town and this section. In the Vindicator of yesterday he uses a column of space to detract the people's attention from this charge. He makes no denial of it, either specific or general. The referring this or that part of what he has to say to the committee who were at Madison will only bear out what The New North has charged, viz.—That he was working for the Northwestern road against this county and section, and only "switched" when he was given permission by his employers and that the committee were cognizant of his work done before their arrival. Every single charge made against Shaw in last week's New North was made with abundant proof back of it, and the effort to rattle an intelligent public by accusing the editor of The New North with being afflicted with worms, piles, eczema or any other annoying but not necessarily fatal malady is in exceedingly bad taste for one of the cuter and experienced in battle of Samuel. The only object The New North had or has in showing up this sanctimonious scoundrel is to enable the few people who were not before familiar with his record, and who didn't thoroughly understand the combination that works the handshake and the smile, to know what sort of a hypocrite it was who is up in this country to do country up. His neighbors at Crandon will answer for the truth or falsity of all charges of his sell out over there. To enable the people of Oneida county, other than the 150 who saw them in the Vindicator, to fairly judge of Sam's caliber in newspaper discussions, we reprint his main arguments refuting the charges.

"Bishop has worn his..."  
"The New North has nothing to do with it..."  
"Shaw was probably out too late with the boys at Crandon..."  
"Those arguments, we suppose, ought to settle it with any thinking man."

McNaughton.  
The mill started up full blast on Monday night.

The thermometer registered 85 degrees in the shade at this place last Sunday at seven p. m.

New parties have gone into the boarding house here but we fail to see any change in the program.

We overheard some fine singing last Sunday night. Get together often friend Tobby. It will all help.

Bradley & Kelley expect to commence work on their planing mill this week if the contractor gets here.

Mr. Darrah, superintendent for Bradley & Kelley, is having an addition built on his office this week.

Prof. Frank Marble and Mr. Richards, a horse doctor, were at Mr. McNaughton's camp fixing up the horses' teeth last week. They did a good job.

r. Stumbaugh, foreman of the day crew at the mill, had a fine horse get away one day last week. A reward of \$5.00 will be paid to my person returning same to him.

The mill runs fine since the new repairs were put in.

About fifty men came in here the other day in a cattle car. We suppose they came in for a night's lodging after the fashion of a great many others.

Frank Miller, the day fireman at the mill, contemplates going back to Michigan in the near future.

A family from Canada moved here last week.

Several families are expected here this week to occupy the five houses now ready for them.

There is a man here who seems to be awful sweet on someone in our town. That's right boys, but go slow and learn to peddle.

The ice has gone out of the lake and numerous boats are to be seen gliding over the deep" on Sundays. Lots of fish have been caught during the past week. Irish had the luck to catch a whale.

**ENAGING MISTRESSES.**

**Enviable Independence of the Servant Girl in an Intelligence Office.**

The owner of an employment bureau in Sixth avenue, whose business is entirely given to procuring domestic help, said to a representative of this paper today:

"A good cook or other household servant is the most independent person in New York to-day. She never has to wait for a place. If she does wait, it is because she has to make a choice from many offers. She knows that she is in the one occupation where the demand exceeds the supply. She does one thing almost unheard of in other occupations—she puts her prospective employer to a severe examination."

Just at this point a stout, well-dressed lady came up to the desk and inquired if the girl she had written about was there. The girl was called in from an adjoining room. She was a rosy-cheeked German of about twenty-five. She walked in with great dignity and took a careful survey of the lady.

Here is a synopsis of the conversation which ensued.

Lady—You say you did the cooking in Mr. F.'s family for three years.

Girl—Um.

Lady—And these references are, of course, all right.

Girl—Um.

Lady—And you are not married?

Girl—Num! Num! Num!

Lady—Well, are you satisfied with the household arrangements as I have explained them through Mrs. S.?

The girl was utterly apathetic during the talk, but now she became animated, and this was what followed:

Girl—Couldn't you change the dinner hour?

Lady—Well, I have not consid—

Girl—Um.

Lady—And these references are, of course, all right.

Girl—Um.

Lady—And you are not married?

Girl—Num! Num! Num!

Lady—Well, are you satisfied with the household arrangements as I have explained them through Mrs. S.?

Girl—Um.

Lady—Well, I'll think of it. I'll tell you how I have decided to-morrow.

The lady retired, looking very humble, and the prospective servant retired to the next room, seeming to be very much bored.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

**F. A. HILDEBRAND,**

**FURNITURE.**

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times.

Call before purchasing.

**RHINELANDER, WIS.**

**F. C. HENRICK,**

**TAILOR.**

Opposite Rapids House.

Such made to order, cleaning and repairing done on short notice and lowest prices. All work guaranteed.

"The New North has nothing to do with it..."

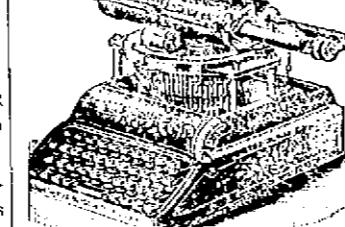
"Shaw was probably out too late with the boys at Crandon..."

"Those arguments, we suppose, ought to settle it with any thinking man."

**A NEW TYPEWRITER!**

—THE—

**INTERNATIONAL.**



A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from the very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator. A machine that will multiply more than double the number of sheets than any other typewriter without affecting the alignment in any respect, as on this machine the alignment is indestructible.

PRICE \$100

If there is no Agent in your town, address us on the subject as we are more liberal with our Agents than any other Company in our line.

**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITING CO.,**

2 PARK SQUARE BOSTON, MASS.

Agents Wanted.

**A GREAT PRIZE!**

Any one, not now a subscriber, sending the TRIBUNE CO. ONE DOLLAR can get the famous picture, the "RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

FREE MAIL WITH

The Daily and Sunday Tribune.....6 weeks or the Daily (without Sunday) Tribune 8 weeks or the Evening Tribune.....12 weeks or the Sunday Tribune.....26 weeks or the Farmer's Weekly Tribune.....32 weeks

This offer is good until June 1, 1891

The picture is a beautiful work of art. Reproduced in all the beautiful colors of the original painting, 24 inches by 17 inches.

Send at once and secure a handsome prize.

Postage stamps to the amount of \$1.00 will be accepted. Address,

**THE TRIBUNE COMPANY,**

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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1 Year, \$1.00. 1/2 Year, \$525. 1/4 Year, \$262.50. 1/8 Year, \$65.625. 1/16 Year, \$16.406. 1/32 Year, \$4.101. 1/64 Year, \$1.025. 1/128 Year, \$256.25. 1/256 Year, \$64.0625. 1/512 Year, \$16.015625. 1/1024 Year, \$4.00390625. 1/2048 Year, \$1.0009765625. 1/4096 Year, \$250.24944453125. 1/8192 Year, \$62.562486111328125. 1/16384 Year, \$15.6406215278125. 1/32768 Year, \$3.9101553819375. 1/65536 Year, \$0.977538845484375. 1/131072 Year, \$0.244384711371875. 1/262144 Year, \$0.0611018528434375. 1/524288 Year, \$0.015275463210859375. 1/1048576 Year, \$0.00381886580271789375. 1/2097152 Year, \$0.000954716450584471875. 1/4194304 Year, \$0.0002386791126461184375. 1/8388608 Year, \$0.0000596697781615296875. 1/16777216 Year, \$0.000014917444890382421875. 1/33554432 Year, \$0.000003729361222585604375. 1/67108864 Year, \$0.00000093234030562150109375. 1/134217728 Year, \$0.0000002330850764052752734375. 1/268435456 Year, \$0.000000058271268601318818589375. 1/536870912 Year, \$0.0000000145678175027772224734375. 1/1073741824 Year, \$0.000000003641954375. 1/2147483648 Year, \$0.00000000090148859375. 1/4294967296 Year, \$0.000000000225372189375. 1/8589934592 Year, \$0.00000000005629304734375. 1/17179869184 Year, \$0.00000000001407326189375. 1/34359738368 Year, \$0.0000000000035183154734375. 1/68719476736 Year, \$0.0000000000008795786189375. 1/137438953472 Year, \$0.000000000000219894654734375. 1/274877906944 Year, \$0.000000000000054973636189375. 1/549755813888 Year, \$0.00000000000001374340904734375. 1/1099511627776 Year, \$0.00000000000000343605226189375. 1/2198023255552 Year, \$0.0000000000000008590130604734375. 1/4396046511104 Year, \$0.000000000000000214753265189375. 1/8792093022208 Year, \$0.00000000000000005373831634375. 1/17584186044416 Year, \$0.000000000000000013434579089375. 1/35168372088832 Year, \$0.0000000000000000033586447734375. 1/70336744177664 Year, \$0.00000000000000000083966119375. 1/140673488355328 Year, \$0.0000000000000000002099152989375. 1/281346976710656 Year, \$0.000000000000000000052478824734375. 1/562693953421312 Year, \$0.000000000000000000013119706189375. 1/112538790684264 Year, \$0.00000000000000000000327992654734375. 1/225077581368528 Year, \$0.000000000000000000000819981636189375. 1/450155162737056 Year, \$0.0000000000000000000002049954189375. 1/900310325474112 Year, \$0.000000000000000000000051248854734375. 1/180062065094824 Year, \$0.0000000000000000000000128122136189375. 1/360124130189648 Year, \$0.000000000000000000000003203053404734375. 1/720248260379296 Year, \$0.0000000000000000000000008007633509375. 1/14404